A SERMON

PREACHED AT THE FUNERAL

OF

MRS. SUSAN HEARD CLEAVELAND,

(WIFE OF THE REV. JOHN P. CLEAVELAND,)

WHO DIED AT

MARSHALL, MICH.

OCTOBER 1st, 1843,

BY THE

REV. CALVIN CLARKE,

OF KALAMAZOO.

CINCINNATI:
PRINTED BY SHEPARD & CO,,
1844.

CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION.

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Note.—The following Sermon was delayed on its passage to Cincinnati, by circumstances not necessary to be detailed here, and its publication again *providentially* prevented, till it becomes necessary to say that it is now issued as the only means of gratifying the wishes of the numerous friends of the deceased, by whom she will be had in fresh and "everlasting remembrance."

SERMON.

Psalm 46: 10.

BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD; I WILL BE EXALTED AMONG THE HEATHEN: I WILL BE EXALTED IN THE EARTH.

Disappointments are the lot of man. The brightest sun is often obscured by clouds; man's highest expectations are not unfrequently blasted as in a moment. The wheel of Providence rolls on, although we anticipate not its approach, till, perhaps, our most cherished schemes of happiness, are suddenly crushed. Emphatically may it be said that "man knoweth not his time; but as the fishes are caught in an evil net, and as the birds are caught in the snare;" so, by calamities of almost every kind, are mortals overtaken and overwhelmed. Thus, indeed, has it been, ever since the introduction of sin into the world. No generation has been exempt from "the transgression," and, consequently, none has escaped from its consequences. The Church, though built on the Everlasting Rock, and sustained by the energy of Him who is mighty to save, has drunk to its dregs *the bitter cup.* Long, severe, oft-repeated, have been her conflicts. Through "seas of blood" has she often been called to pass, supported and animated by the promises of an unchanging, covenant-keeping God.

The same is true of individuals. Our heavenly Father, who loves his children with an everlasting love, and never willingly afflicts them, nevertheless, often causes them to go through *a fiery furnace.* Sometimes that furnace is heated seven times hotter than it is wont to be. Not seldom, the "child of the covenant" cries out, *all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me*, or with the patriarch in a dark and trying hour, *all these things are against me.* Still, this is his path to the celestial city. Millions of happy spirits around the throne, who have washed their garments and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, came out of great tribulation. Through much tribulation, will all true Christians enter into the kingdom.

The Psalm which contains the text, obviously refers to the Church. Mention is made of her trials. Poetic and impressive metaphors are employed. Earthquakes may shake the world, and sink the mountains in the depths of the sea. Storms may lash the ocean into fury, and roll the waves in wild disorder. Jehovah may utter his voice, and cause the earth to melt; or, he may sweep the world with the desolating tornado. The heathen may rage and vent their infuriated malice. Wars and rumors of wars may agitate and convulse the kingdoms of the earth. Society may crumble into its elements. All these calamities may come in quick succession, and, after all, the church has nothing to fear. The "heir of the promises" is safe. A voice from heaven breaks on our ears with celestial sweetness, *Be still and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth.* Rich and consoling truth! What intelligent christian can reflect upon it in the hour of trial, without grateful emotions! Well may it calm the agitated bosom,

and soothe the spirit's anguish. With hopes blasted, with plans thwarted by the providence of God, the truly pious man seeks refuge from surrounding gloom, in "the exceeding great and precious promises." The wounds which Infinite Wisdom has made are thus "mollified with ointment." Consolation is found, adapted to every want, adequate to the deepest necessities.

My text has been chosen for this melancholy occasion, because it was known to have afforded great comfort to the deceased, in all her trials, and by her to have been often and kindly whispered in the mourner's ear. To the soul, that has been chastened by the rod of Him who sways the sceptre of universal dominion, it is clearly fraught with the sweetest solace, and to all men teaches the duty of

Christian Submission.

Sure am I, could our departed sister speak to her sorrowing friends, she would earnestly exhort them to practise entire submission to the will of God. It was her frequent and favorite theme. I will, *first*, explain what is implied in christian submission; *secondly*, mention some seasons when it should be exercised; and, *thirdly*, some considerations to enforce it.

I. What is implied in christian submission?

To a right understanding of its nature, or realization of its benefits, scriptural views are indispensable.

Submission does not imply *indifference to pleasure or pain.* The constitution of the human mind renders this impossible. In every human breast, there is an instinctive desire for happiness, and a shrinking back from pain. The remark is eminently true in reference to our *moral* interests. Too much have we at stake, not to awaken in reflecting minds, the deepest anxiety. Holiness and sin

are not so nearly allied to each other, as to be easily viewed with indifference. There must, of necessity, be either friendship or hatred, approbation or disgust, in view of the purity of God's character, or the strict and eternal sanctions of his law. The same may be said emphatically of the *providential* government of God. Indifferent to its dispensations, we never can be. It is no trifling matter whether we are stripped of our possessions, and cast penniless on the world; whether we are to have health or sickness, prosperity or adversity, happiness or woe for time and eternity. Eli, the judge of Israel, was far from being indifferent, when he uttered the language of pious submission; It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good. Over his wicked sons, his bowels then yearned with all the agony of a father's affection. Our Lord's prayer in the garden impressively illustrates the same truth. That was, indeed, a scene of overwhelming interest, when his anxiety was so intense that his human nature was ready to sink under the mighty load. Deeply desiring that the cup might, if possible, pass from him, with earnestness and sincerity, he exclaimed, Not my will but thine be done. Similar examples might be indefinitely multiplied. The most perfect resignation under trials is consistent with the keenest sensibility.

Nor does christian submission imply a destitution of any of the common sensibilities of our nature. The social feelings in all their strength and tenderness, cluster around God's children amidst their sharpest trials. Not unfrequently, do they bind heart to to heart, in strongest bonds, at the moment of final separation. The dear object of our affection often seems lovelier then than ever. Christianity, instead of quenching these "fires of the soul," only fans them into a warmer

flame. True, nature will bleed when earth's tenderest ties are rudely sundered by the monster death. All this is in accordance with the eternal and wise purpose of Him who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will. It is all perfectly compatible with heart-felt submission. David, "the sweet singer of Israel," exercised this spirit, when, at the death of his child, he calmly said, I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. David had been almost inconsolable so long as the little sufferer lived. He hoped that a father's prayers might avail to avert the blow, and save the child's life. As soon as the will of God was known, he bowed cheerfully to the decision of unerring wisdom. The history of Job is equally in point. With a heart alive to sympathy, and bleeding under the bereavement which removed his children, *all at once*, from the parental embrace, how delightful to hear him cry, The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; and blessed be the name of the Lord. Many of the most devoted of Christ's disciples, when well nigh crushed by adversity, have learned to kiss the very rod, which lacerated their souls.

Christian submission heartily acquiesces *in all the known will* of Heaven. It is submission to God's *moral* as well as providential government. Into his hands, to be at his disposal, it gives up every interest, and is, indeed, a most happy state of the will, when thus subdued by the power of the Holy Ghost. From professed submission merely, it differs in this respect, that it is enduring. Trials only serve to test its genuineness, and to commend it to the admiration of the world. Such is the submission required in the text, of all men, under all circumstances. To all it seems to say,—Hush every rising emotion of discontent—Repress every complaint—Check every improp-

er action—Subdue every unholy feeling. In the sorest trials, be still, and know that Jehovah of hosts, He is God, ruling in heaven, and ruling on the earth. Imitate the man after God's own heart, who, when afflicted, was dumb, and opened not his mouth, because the Lord had done it. How easy to talk about submission in the day of prosperity, and how difficult to manifest and maintain it in the day of adversity. It is the height of the "moral sublime" to see a child of the dust breasting the waves of sorrow, actually rising upon them, and with smiling countenance and clear voice, exclaiming,—Wherefore should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins!

Let us next notice some *special seasons*, when submission should be exercised. Every year, and almost every day and hour, as they pass, call us to the exercise of a submissive spirit. But there are times when, in the providence of God, it is peculiarly appropriate and necessary.

National judgments constitute one of these occasions. They occur not unfrequently. Sometimes war, that scourge of the guilty, stalks abroad in the earth. Armies are brought into battle array, and the deadly conflict ensues. Thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed, and millions of treasure are worse than wasted. Vice rushes in among the people like a desolating torrent; daring blasphemies are unblushingly uttered; the sanctuary, once thronged with worshippers, is deserted, save by a faithful few, whose eyes run down with tears, and whose hearts flow out in prayer. Allusion is made to a scene of this sort in the Psalm of the text. The command that comes to our ears, at such a time, is, Be still and know that I am God. "I will make wars to cease to the ends of the earth; I will cut the spear in sunder, and

break the bow, and burn the chariot in the fire." At other times, the pestilence rages with appalling fury, sweeping into the grave multitudes of every age. The tenderest relations of life are violently broken up, and then, what sinking of the spirits, what heart rending lamentations, as friends take their last look of those they loved, and follow their remains to "the narrow house." Such scenes are not pictures of the imagination, but realities, sober and impressive, and often witnessed in the fairest portions of our world. The submissiveness, so beautifully set forth in the text, becomes eminently appropriate in such distressing seasons.

Perhaps famine, meager and wan, invades the land. The poor, unable to procure the means of subsistence, pine away and die, unrelieved by the sympathies of the benevolent. Their cries and groans go up to heaven, exciting the commisseration of pious hearts. In the retirement of the closet, good men will then pour out the tribute of overflowing hearts, as they hear the great Sovereign say, Be still and know that I am God.

Christian submission becomes exceedingly important, *when dangers threaten the Church.* This, too, is no uncommon occurrence. Iniquity, not seldom, is suffered to come in like a flood. The fires of persecution are kindled, and burn without control. Wicked men, urged on by malice and depravity, combine and strive to demolish the bulwarks of Zion. The cloud becomes blacker and the dangers which impend more terrific. Whether it comes by inquisition, fire, or faggot; by infidelity, rank and vaunting; or by error, insidious and destructive, sapping the life and spirituality of the Church; or by forms without the power of godliness, chilling the zeal and palsying the energies of the church, the effects are dreadful. In past ages

the church was wasted from the former causes; but in this age of excitement, wildness and extravagance, have we not reason to fear a deadly influence exerted from error, creeping in, and working secretly like leaven, till it corrupts the whole mass? At such times, the heirs of salvation find support in contemplating the unchanging promises of that God who cannot lie. In the midst of all this commotion, that same voice, Be still, and know that I am God,—allays the purturbation of the soul, and breathes a peace which nothing can destroy.

But more especially still, *mysterious providential dispensations* call for the exercise of this heavenly temper. These frequently fall to the lot of mortals. The seasons as they change, every wind that blows, ten thousand occurrences that cross our path, are fraught with weal or woe to man. At the commencement of the year it is impossible to fortel through what scenes of anguish we may be called to pass. Happy is it for us, that the future is veiled from our vision, in impenetrable darkness. In this respect our Heavenly Father has ordered all things in infinite wisdom. But this particular will demand our attention hereafter.

When the church is afflicted by the removal of *her most pious and active members*, or her most efficient ministers, the call to notice God's hand is truly *loud and imperious*. Not unfrequently are the most gifted and useful cut down in the midst of their days, and at a time when the church greatly needs their labors. The pious Josiah closed his days at about middle age, while wicked Manasseh was on the throne more than half a century. The beautiful, accomplished and devoted Lady Jane Grey was beheaded in her youth, while the bloody Queen Mary was suffered to live and reign

for many years. Brainard and Martyn, Spencer and Summerfield, Larned and Taylor, Harriet Newell and Ann Judson, all found an early grave. Gifted by nature and by grace to occupy conspicuous places in the church, at the height of their usefulness, they were summoned away to the reward of their labors. To us such providences are involved in impenetrable mystery.—"Clouds and darkness are round about Jehovah's dispensations." Mortals by searching cannot penetrate the veil which conceals the distant future from our vision. Sometimes unbelief suggests a thousand gloomy forebodings. Why was it that the only godly son of Jeroboam went to the grave in his youth? Why were such heroic spirits as Munson and Lyman murdered at the commencement of their missionary career, before they had arrived at the maturity of their powers and gratified the desires of their hearts in preaching Christ to the perishing? Why is that devoted mother snatched away from a group of dependent offspring, before she has taught their infant lips to pray and established their erring feet in the paths of virtue? In consequence of her decease, ruin eternal may overtake her orphan children. Why is that youth of high promise to the church and the world, hurried into eternity, while the vagabond in the street lives to breathe out moral pestilence in the community? Why is the child most tenderly beloved, possessing the sweetest disposition, early cut down, while perhaps the useless idiot is spared to extreme age? Why, in short, is *the Pastor's wife*, just when all eyes and hearts are fixed with admiration on her bright example and efficient co-operation, called off to her reward, and the afflicted survivor left to toil on alone?

Alas! when such questions are proposed, it becomes

mortals to be still and know that Jehovah is God. They can never be solved till that day when all secrets shall be disclosed, and the justice of Jehovah's dispensations is exhibited in noon-day splendor before an assembled universe.

But how soothing to the christian to meditate on such a passage as our text. The deceased, as I have remarked, often dwelt upon it in the midst of trial, and repeated it in her family circle when the chastisements of Heaven were pressing heavily upon her. She frequently employed it for the consolation of mourners, whom she sought out and endeavored to comfort.

But I must notice, *thirdly*, some considerations *to enforce* christian submission. Many doubtless exist, and might be urged with effect at the present time. I will call your attention to the following only.

The text itself comes to us *clothed with divine authority.* The infinite majesty of heaven and earth speaks by the inspired Psalmist in no doubtful language, saying, Be still and know that I am God. The Creator of all worlds, our Creator, the Great Eternal, imposes this command upon his rebellious creatures. Mortals, listen to his voice,—'I do my own pleasure in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of this earth, and none can stay my hand, or say unto me, what doest thou? Infinitely benevolent in my nature, and ever regarding the good of my creatures, I require them to yield a cheerful acquiescence to my holy will.' Not only when the gales of prosperity waft plenty and happiness to their habitations, but equally so when the chill winds of adversity blow, and the storms and tempests of life beat rudely upon them, is this equitable law to be obeyed. When afflictions drink up their spirits, then with the disposition of

the prophet, let them feel and say, Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. The penitent child, though severely chastised, yields to the will of its parent. That child does right. But, inquires Jehovah, if I be a father, where is mine honor, or if I be a master, where is my fear? If God is infinitely good, mankind cannot for a moment question his right to impose his commands as he pleases. Submission, then, is a reasonable, christian duty, binding at once upon all. No matter how dark, and desolate the world looks to us. Though the fig-tree should not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet should we rejoice in the Lord, and have joy in the God of our salvation.

A second reason for submission is, that Jehovah *orders all things in infinite wisdom.* Nothing takes place by chance in all his wide dominions. Says the evangelical prophet, As he hath thought, so shall it stand; as he hath purposed, so shall it come to pass. And his purposes extend to the vast, as well as to the minute,—to systems and worlds that move in infinite space, and perform their appointed revolutions;—to creatures that inhabit those worlds, searching their reins and trying their hearts; condescending even to number the hairs of their heads; looking after the inanimate creation; providing for their wants; hearing the young ravens when they cry, and watching even the fall of a sparrow. God has a plan devised from eternity. That plan is, on the whole, the wisest and best; it is perfect. In accordance with that plan, much that is painful to our feelings takes place, but we are assured that nothing comes to pass without our Heavenly Father's permission. Is there evil in the city

and the Lord hath not done it? Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world. That plan, moreover, is complicated;—a wheel within a wheel, but a small portion of which can be discovered at a single glance. In the revolution of those wheels, prosperity or adversity, sickness or health, life or death, may fall to our lot. Our short-sighted wisdom is incompetent to choose even our own path through this "waste and howling wilderness." Man often deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps. How appropriate then at all times the injunction of our text, Be still and know that I am God!

A third reason to enforce this duty, is the fact, that *all things work for the Christian's good.* This is a truth well calculated to bear up the soul in the darkest hour. How full of consolation! How it meets the child of sorrow and wipes away his tears, and animates him to run with patience the christian race! The "great apostle to the gentiles" clasped it to his bosom when he fought the good fight of faith and laid hold on eternal life. "All things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." We have also the strongest assurance that the design of these light afflictions is, to secure to us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Our earthly parents chasten us for a few days, according to their pleasure, but our Heavenly Father *for our profit*, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Blessed, thrice blessed promises! Who would not, like the good apostle, glory in tribulation, realizing its happy effect upon his spiritual interests and his preparation for heaven. Well may the christian in this vale of tears, draw water out of the wells of salvation! Well may he fight and conquer every foe, through the blood of

the Lamb! His trials here purge away his dross—wean his affections from the gross pleasures of sense, increase his love of devotion,—promote his growth in grace, and ripen him for a "glory that fadeth not away."

The last reason for this duty, is, that *it will contribute to the glory of God.* The glory of God! What shall I say on this sublime subject! God's glory is either essential—consisting of his perfections, which are all incomprehensible, yet lovely; or, it is declarative —implying *the display* of those perfections to an intelligent universe. Creation, with its vastness, variety, and beauty, is one mighty exhibition of Himself. Says the enraptured Psalmist, the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handy work.

But the grandest display of his glory, held up to the gaze of mortals, shines forth in redemption through the blood of Christ. *There* is a combination of His natural and moral perfections, justice and mercy meeting together, and embracing each other in harmony around the cross. That is the central focus of glory—the radiating point, from which emanate the splendors of the Godhead. No wonder Paul wished to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. No wonder that it was the theme which filled his soul, and urged him on through labors and toils. No wonder that God the Savior is glorified, when creatures of yesterday,—sinners condemned and lost, submit to their righteous Father's will, cheerfully bow at his feet,—and, under all circumstances, learn from the heart to say, Thy will be done. This is their plain duty. When they do this, they comply with the terms of the Gospel. They also honor the law, for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Such, then, are the reasons for unqualified christian submission.

We are called to this house, my friends, to-day, under circumstances of no ordinary interest. Death, (which has made such ravages in this village,) has again come among you, and one of the loveliest and best has fallen. This numerous assembly, these throbbing hearts, these weeping eyes, are telling the story of departed, appreciated worth. A great and sad breach, *one that can never be repaired*, has been made in yet another domestic circle. On this occasion, so solemn, so peculiar, what shall I say? Eulogizing the dead is seldom useful to the living. The deceased, I know, always deemed that it should be kept free of all extravagance. But by the highest authority we are told, that *the memory* of the just shall be blessed. It must, then, be preserved and transmitted. To omit all comment on the life and virtues of the friend, whose sudden decease we now deplore, would be injustice to her, and disappoint the just expectations of the living. Never before have I been called to officiate on an occasion, which would compare with the present. Never was this community called to discharge the last offices of affection *for one more lovely or useful.*

SUSAN HEARD CLEAVELAND, the eldest daughter of Moses and Sarah Dole, was born at Newbury, Mass., April 19th, 1800, and, consequently, at the time of her lamented death, was 43 years and about 5 months old. Her parents, though not professors of religion, yet secured to her in early youth, the elements of a sound religious education. She was successively placed under the care of such teachers as Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Judson, Miss Grant, and Miss Upham, teachers eminently pious and thoroughly qualified to impart to others mental and religious discipline. Indeed her parents spared no

pains to make her's a well-stored and well-balanced mind. By her own diligence and perseverance, that object was most happily accomplished. Mrs. Cleaveland's mother, through extreme constitutional diffidence, never made a public profession of religion; but her example before her family, of modesty, meekness, industry, and a conscientious regard to the word of God, were unexceptionable. The Rev. Dr. Parish was the pastor of the Church where Mrs. Cleaveland spent her youth, and under his able instructions, she early became a believer in all the great doctrines of the gospel. As one of the fruits of a revival in her native place, she united with the church when about 20 years old. Inheriting from her excellent mother a native diffidence and self-distrust, the evidence of her piety was much more satisfactory to others than to herself.

In the autumn of 1827, she was married, and removed to Salem, Mass., where she resided about seven years. In 1834, she accompanied her husband on his removal from Salem to Detroit. In the spring of 1837, in consequence of ill health, she returned to her father's, with her children, and remained there about a year and a half. In November, 1838, she came to Marshall, and has remained here ever since, with the exception of ten months spent at Ann Arbor.

Such were the principal changes in the life of the deceased; changes which, doubtless, contributed, in no small degree, to mature her character, and ripen her for another world. Here I would most cheerfully close my remarks, did not duty require me to proceed.

Let us, for a moment, contemplate her *mental worth.* Her intellect was "solid rather than showy," but had been voluntarily subjected to a most rigid and

improving discipline. On all subjects important for a female in her sphere to become acquainted with, her information was rich and exact.

Nor was she ever contented to stop and remain stationary. By employing all her leisure moments in reading, she made constant and delightful accessions. She never knew an idle moment. Books, when not otherwise engaged, were her constant companions. For the ephemeral productions, which abound, and exert in many instances an unfavorable influence on the female mind, she had no relish.

Reflection rather than impulse characterized her mental habits. Her decisions were made with coolness and deliberation, but when once made, it is believed that under no circumstances, would she swerve from her own convictions of duty. This qualified her most eminently for the station which she was called in the providence of God to occupy. And it is confidently believed, that in the four large cities and villages, where she has resided since her marriage, she has won the confidence of all with whom she formed acquaintance, and made enemies of none. Of very few persons, similarly situated, could the same have been said with such unqualified truth.

But her intellectual strength and excellence were not her chief adorning. It is her *moral worth*, that stands out most prominently before the world. She was remarkable for her *benevolence*. It was with her, not an impulse of feeling, but a fixed and permanent principle, based on a perception of high obligations to God. Always limited in her pecuniary resources, her contributions could not be as munificent as those of persons who possess princely fortunes. But by singular economy and industry, she was actually enabled to give away much

more than many do, in affluent circumstances. Her visits to the houses of sorrow were frequent and untiring, where by smiles of sympathy and kind words, she imparted comfort to the dejected. She always kept herself supplied with religious tracts, books and a wise selection of hymns, appropriate to persons under all circumstances; and when affliction lighted upon a family, she sought out the bereaved and ministered to all their wants. "*There goes Mrs. Cleaveland on some errand of mercy*," was the proverbial exclamation of many individuals, who knew her mostly by observation, and who made no pretensions themselves to sympathy on the score of religious principle.

As a *nurse*, a general helper in *sickness*, it is no disparagement to the living, to say, that in no community had she a superior. Her promptness, gentleness, kindness, and skill, rendered her the delight of the sick and suffering, old and young, male and female. She was unwearied in her attentions, visiting the abodes of the poor, relieving their necessities, watching over the dying, going even beyond her strength, and wearing out her life for the good of others. In discharging these kind offices to her fellow creatures, she was exceedingly *modest* and retiring, not forgetful of that scripture injunction,—let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. From her very soul, she abhorred any approach towards ostentation, and I am confident that no such charge, either expressed or implied, was ever preferred against her.

As a *wife* and *mother* she was ardent in her devotion, faithful in her attentions, conciliating in her manner, kind in her language, and unwearied in her efforts to promote the usefulness of her husband, and the good of her children. An individual must have been a member of her

family, duly to have appreciated her worth. It may truly be said, that her husband could safely trust in her. Her *domestic* duties were a part of her religion, and they were always performed with systematic precision, neatness, and dispatch. Indeed her house was the home for many a christian, and minister, and missionary, who have been delighted with her superior management. Often was it remarked by them, that among all their acquaintances, Mrs. Cleaveland *had not an equal.* Many have sought her society, and applied to her *for counsel* in their perplexities, and they always found her most singularly prudent, judicious, and safe. In her private afflictions, (and she was no stranger to affliction,) she was the perfect exemplification of patience, and resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father. No one could have visited her family after the death, two years since, of *that daughter of so much promise*, without admiring her delightful christian temper when most *severely chastened* by the "rod of the Lord." It was no common bereavement to bear.

But the deceased was the wife *of a pastor;* and for that sphere, she was most eminently fitted. Her modesty, her sound judgment and uniform delicacy, were qualifications, calculated to double a minister's usefulness.

In the female prayer meeting she was at home. There she found a place to give vent to the feelings of her heart, and to excite the sisters of the church to duty and faithfulness. She was the friend, patron and support of the maternal association; ardently desirous to aid others in training their children, and in employing means for their *early conversion.* But, one of her most successful spheres of usefulness was THE SABBATH SCHOOL. For this sphere she was most happily adapted.

By careful study and much prayer, she made herself master of the lessons, and imparted instruction in so familiar and happy a manner, that she never failed to win the affections of her pupils. When her class became large, and it was thought advisable to divide it, not one could be induced to leave her. During the revival in Marshall, the last spring, her anxiety and efforts for their salvation were intense. With them she conversed and prayed, and persevered in her exertions, till ten or twelve out of fourteen, became the hopeful subjects of renewing grace. Owing to a variety of causes, which operated unfavorably on the Sabbath school in this village, it is believed, that but for her efforts and influence it would more than once have been disbanded.

For the poor "fugitive from bondage," she felt a lively interest, nor did her active spirit rest till arrangements were made to procure for them instruction, although the burden fell on her own hands, already overtasked. In the cause of *missions* her soul was expanded. She read, and prayed, and contributed to extend the triumphs of the gospel in heathen lands, and all from a sweet sense of duty. The "Monthly concert" was a precious meeting to her, refreshing her spirits, and animating her to plead the promises of God in behalf of Zion.

In *personal sanctification*, the deceased was believed to have made no ordinary attainments. Her native and acquired abilities, whatever they were, and her entire influence, were all consecrated to Christ. She cheerfully laid every thing at the foot of the Cross. If any one trait of her piety appeared more prominent than the rest, it was her unfeigned *humility*. I think I never saw a person farther removed from boasting. During the revival just alluded to, my acquaintance

with her became more intimate than it ever had been before. I shall never forget the affecting conversation which took place between us, one sabbath evening. To inquiries which I made respecting the evidence of her hope in Christ, she made the most frank reply, "I often fear that I am not a true christian. I find so much depravity within me, that I tremble lest I may be self-deceived, and be cast off at last." She then gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears, and went on to express the deepest self-loathing. But if clear and discriminating views of the character and law of God; if a deep sense of guilt and condemnation, as a sinner; if scriptural apprehensions of Christ, as a Savior; if untiring activity and self-denial in his cause, are evidences of piety, the deceased had made no ordinary attainments. If her daily deportment in all circumstances, was an index to the heart, she enjoyed the highest supports of religion, and was urged forward in the path of duty *by the purest motives.* In all this, she has left behind her a shining example for others to imitate;—an example, but seldom seen.

But the question may be asked, what were her views and feelings on the near approach of death. Did she bear her dying testimony to the excellency of religion? During the first part of her distressing sickness, the same placid countenance, the same composure of mind, the same trust which distinguished her in health, were invariably manifested. On that dreadful night, when, by a mistake, for which no living person is at all responsible, poison was administered, she was perfectly collected and calm, though all her attendants were in painful agitation. For the last three days of her life, through severe exhaustion and the terrible progress of her disorder,

there was an increasing aberration of mind. Occasionally, she still had lucid intervals, and then she conversed freely and rationally, and her character shone forth in all its loveliness. On one of these occasions, she gently obtained from her husband, the solemn pledge that he would endeavor not give himself up to immoderate grief, if called to part with her. The last night of her life, when the delirium had become more fixed, her husband requested her to try to get some sleep. Through misunderstanding of his meaning, she supposed that he had requested her to pray, and broke out in earnest, and well connected supplications for all classes, but especially and most earnestly *for the young*. At this time she had the impression that all medicine would injure her, and that it was given her for that purpose, owing, probably, to the distressing mistake before alluded to. The last words she uttered were these, "*You can take every thing else away from me*, BUT YOU CANNOT TAKE AWAY MY SAVIOR." But her work is done,—and she has gone to her reward. A voice from heaven says, Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

To the *afflicted husband*, let me say, your heavenly Father is speaking to you, to-day, in tones of deep solemnity. Death has rudely sundered for you, the tenderest earthly ties. You are keenly suffering the rebukes of a kind Parent. Scarcely had the wound been healed, which an all-wise God two years since inflicted in the death of *a lovely daughter*, before He saw fit to strike another and *still heavier blow*. The wife of your bosom, the sharer of your joys and sorrows, my dear brother, is no more. "Once hath the Lord spoken, yea twice." Al-

ready, one half of your interesting family have been called from earth to heaven. Your cup of sorrow, I know, is full to overflowing. To that inexhaustible source of consolation, "the exceeding great and precious promises of God," I affectionately commend you. To the sympathies and prayers of christian friends, and to the care of her mother's God, I also commend your *motherless daughter.* May the sweet words of my text fall softly on your ears to-day, Be still and know that I am God. May you experience "the benefit of sanctified affliction." May this sore chastisement prove in the end a blessing, making you more eminently useful and successful in winning souls to Christ, and thus prepare you to join with all the blood-washed throng in swelling the anthems of the redeemed.

By those dear youth, who, in the Sabbath school, enjoyed the invaluable instructions of our lamented sister, on whom she bestowed so much affectionate sympathy, labor, and prayer, her death is hardly less felt than by her own family. Wonderfully was she endeared to you. Well may you mourn and weep, as you do, as you have, indeed, from the first moment of her attack. Few classes were ever as highly privileged as you have been. Strong as your attachment to her was, the bond is broken, and your much loved teacher lies before you, cold in death. Her lips, that spoke to you so often, so sweetly, of a Saviour's love, are "sealed in the silence of the sepulchre." Her counsels, her prayers, her prized society, you can, on earth, enjoy no longer. Profit, then, I beseech you, yet farther, by the solemn past, by the yet more solemn present. Prepare to meet your teacher, to meet your God.

In the death of Mrs. Cleaveland, this church, (as, in-

deed, the church at large,) has parted with one of its most consistent, most efficient members;—one of its meekest yet brightest ornaments. From the sanctuary, the sabbath school, the conference-room, the female praying circle, *how will she be missed!* Always studious, systematic, symmetrical; always devout, devoted, yet unobtrusive; always evincing good sense, clear-seeing and calm intelligence, sound judgment, joined to A FERVENT AND ACTIVE PIETY; how can we regard her removal, but as *an uncommon loss* to the church and cause of Christ on earth! You, brethren and sisters, feel deeply smitten. So you are. The sister who warmly loved you all, who was warmly loved by you all; yes, she too is dead and gone. *Nominally*, she was a member of the Presbyterian church. *Really*, she belonged to the true and general church of *the regenerated and holy*. It has been often remarked that such was the truly catholic character, and ingenuous spirit of her intercourse with all sincere christians, that no denominational separation, ever seemed, to them, or to her, to exist. But she is now beyond the reach of our feeble praise, and needs it not. Oh brethren, sisters, hearers, dying hearers, one and all, (for she was dear to you *all*,) let us be effectually admonished of duty and of dying. Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Listen to the voice of this solemn providence, echoing from every emblem of mortality which meets your eyes,—BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD. We are all mourners. We are all mortal. Are we "also *ready?*" To our beloved sister it was permitted to expire without a single convulsive gasp or pang. She died as she lived, gently letting go her hold.

"I thought, that Death was terrible. I've seen
His ministry in the distorted brow,
The glazing eye, the struggle, and the groan,
With which the heart-strings break. Yet *here* was one,
Whose summon'd breath went forth as peacefully
As folds the spent rose when the day is done.
Without a sigh—
A change of feature, or a shaded smile,
She gave her hand to the stern messenger,
And, *as a glad child seeks its Father's house,*
WENT HOME.
No more thy prayer————————
Up through the solitude of night shall rise,
———————————— nor thy soul
Yearn for re-union with *those kindred ones*
Who went to rest before thee. *'Twas not meet*
That thou shouldst longer tarry from that bliss
Which God reserveth FOR THE PURE IN HEART."

APPENDIX, NO. 1.

MRS. CLEAVELAND'S funeral was attended *at Marshall*, Tuesday, October 3d, at 11 o'clock, A. M., by a large and deeply affected assembly. The services, which were peculiarly solemn and appropriate, were performed by the Rev. Messrs. Mason, Pierce, Smith and Clarke, (of three different denominations,) and her remains were then taken to Ann Arbor, to be buried by the side of those of her daughter, who died two years before the mother. Mr. Clarke kindly accompanied the family to Ann Arbor, and on arriving there, was requested by the people to repeat the funeral discourse. Notwithstanding the imperfect notice that was given, and the excitement and attraction occasioned by the simultaneous anniversary of the County Agricultural Society, and an important land sale, a large audience repaired to the meeting house, and by flowing tears testified to the deep and universal grief, which Mrs. Cleaveland's death had produced. Seldom is such a sensation witnessed. Even before the interment had taken place, a subscription was started at Detroit and Marshall, (and subsequently at Ann Arbor,) for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to her memory. It is a plain shaft of marble resting on an ample base, and crowned with an encircling vine, of the same material. The following is the inscription:

FRONT.

MRS. SUSAN HEARD CLEAVELAND,

WIFE OF REV. JOHN P. CLEAVELAND,

BORN AT NEWBURY, MASS., APRIL 19, 1800,
DIED AT MARSHALL, MICH., OCT. 1, 1843.

RIGHT SIDE.

[NEXT TO HER DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.]

AND HE SAID TO HER, IS IT WELL WITH THEE?
IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD? AND SHE SAID,
IT IS WELL.

LEFT SIDE.

CALM ON THE BOSOM OF THY GOD,
FAIR SPIRIT! REST THEE NOW!
E'EN WHILE WITH US THY FOOTSTEPS TROD,
HIS SEAL WAS ON THY BROW.

DUST TO ITS NARROW HOUSE BENEATH!
SOUL TO ITS PLACE ON HIGH!
THEY THAT HAVE SEEN THY LOOK IN DEATH,
NO MORE MAY FEAR TO DIE.

REAR.

ERECTED BY HER MOURNING FRIENDS AT DETROIT, ANN ARBOR AND MARSHALL.

The following lines, from the pen of the youngest surviving sister of Mrs. Cleaveland, have been deemed as *just* as they are *beautiful*, and are judged worthy of being preserved here.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF A DEPARTED SISTER.

Oh that my grovelling soul could rise,
Far, far above these lower skies,
And catch a glimpse of heaven;
View those pure realms of glorious light,
Where happy spirits wing their flight
When earthly bonds are riven!

O could my spirit blend with theirs,
How vain would seem life's anxious cares,
So with the soul inwrought;
How trifling every worldly thing—
Joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears that fling
Their colorings o'er each thought.

And *one* there was, who thus *could* mount,
And quaff pure streams from Heav'n's own fount
Of holiness and love;
Thence gath'ring strength for daily life,
As Sister, Daughter, Mother, Wife,
She was all praise above.

In "doing good," *she never tired*,
But with an angel's ardor fired,
Lived for this end alone;—
Where shall we find a friend so *true*,
Candid, *discreet and gentle* too,
To make our cares her own.

She loved to succor suffering worth,
To draw retiring merit forth,
To soothe the mourner's woe;
To join in every noble plan
Promotive of the good of man,
And secret alms bestow.

And who's the friend or stranger guest
That chanced beneath her roof to rest,
Or share her festal board—
But felt that in her spirit's flight,
Home lost as sweet, as pure a light,
As e'er did earth afford.

Yet shone she ne'er, the *brilliant* star,
Rejoicing to behold afar
The gazing multitude;
But studious to avoid display,
"The even tenor of her way"
She quietly pursued.

But ah! her earthly race is run!
Sudden — as if the cheerful sun
Should set e'en at mid-day;
And cold and dark we travel on,
Feeling a guiding light is gone,
A comfort, strength, and stay.

Still, still, it is not hopeless night,
A heavenly ray, pure, warm and bright
Marks the straight path she trod;
That path 'tis ours with joy to view;
That heavenly path may we pursue;
'T will lead to *her* — to God.

I see, I see her dear white hand,
Beck'ning us to the better land!
I hear her gentle voice —
"Dear friends — loved husband — weep no more;
"Sweet child— *my* sorrows are all o'er,
"Oh in my joy, rejoice!"

LELIA.

APPENDIX, NO. 2.

THE following brief notice of "that beloved daughter" of Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland, whose death is alluded to in the foregoing discourse, will not be unacceptable to surviving friends. It is mainly from the excellent sermon delivered by Professor WHITING, of Michigan University, at the time of her interment.

CAROLINE WORCESTER CLEAVELAND, the youngest child of the Rev. John P. and Mrs. Susan H. Cleaveland, was born at SALEM, MASS., April 27, 1831, and died at ANN-ARBOR, MICH., Oct. 15, 1841, aged ten years and six months.

Rarely, we believe, says the Professor, has one so young been followed to the grave by so large a number of sincere and *heart-stricken mourners*. Her *very remarkable maturity* of intellectual and moral character, had rendered her an object of peculiar interest, while her benevolent and affectionate temper, the gentle mildness of her deportment, her scrupulous regard for the happiness of others, and the pure moral, and religious principles, which seemed uniformly to govern her feelings and actions, all imaged forth in her brilliant and beautiful countenance, gained for her, warm affection and rare esteem, from all who knew her.

By her Teachers and fellow-pupils, both in the Sabbath-school, and the High-school, her memory will long be cherished with the most tender affection. To her sorely bereaved and weeping parents, and surviving sister, her sudden and early death was a dreadful blow; for, to them, she had endeared herself, in a very unusual manner. Her dutifulness, her skilful kindness, her sparkling, but sweet and modest originality, rendered her the perfect charm of the domestic circle. "It is all sunshine," would her fond mother often say, "where dear Caroline is." At the age of eight years, the tact and success with which she would *systematically analyze* a new flower or plant, excited the astonishment of every one, who witnessed it. It was so with all her studies; they were mastered with a facility which would appear almost incredible, if fully stated. A little volume might have been formed of the more interesting incidents of her life and character, and of the re-

markable expressions of regret at her loss, which her parents received as soon as her decease was known. It was the language, said Professor WHITING at her funeral, not of parental partiality, but of those who bore to her no relation of affinity, that CAROLINE, was, *in all respects*, A VERY UNCOMMON CHILD. Said her esteemed Teacher at Marshall, Miss L. A. SEYMOUR, between whom and herself, a strong attachment had grown up, (in a letter to her parents,) "Among all my many pupils, I have never seen, one that exceeded CAROLINE in interesting developments of personal, intellectual, and moral character, and I shall always think of her, as I hope you will, AS A BRIGHT CHERUB, wonderfully adapted to the pure society of heaven." Her last Teacher, Miss PAGE of Ann-Arbor, formed, at once, the same estimate of her mind and disposition, and at the public examination, a few weeks before her last sickness, in concurrence with the united voice of a large school, embracing pupils twenty years old, awarded to her *the annual premium* for perfect lessons. Her mode of employing the Sabbath, especially the last year of her life, is worthy of being mentioned. After rising, (always *early*,) it is believed, the first thing, invariably, was her private morning devotions. She then briskly applied herself to aid her mother in such light household cares as were indispensable, even on the morning of the Sabbath. As soon as breakfast and family prayers were over, she studied with great care her lesson for the Sabbath-school, in which she was never known to be defective for several years. Religious reading filled up every moment of the interval before going to public worship. After worship, came the exercises of the Sabbath-school, in which she was always delighted, and delighted her Teacher and her class. If on account of the exhaustion of her delicate frame, she was permitted to remain at home during the afternoon service, the whole time was occupied in voluntary religious reading. As soon as her mother was ready to hear it, she was prepared with a recitation in the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism." After this, she would often request her mother to select for her some practical question, of which she would search out appropriate proof-texts from Scripture. Of this exercise she was so fond, as to use much effort to induce other girls to join her in pursuing it. Her precocious develop-

ment was a source of great anxiety to her parents, and in addition to the ceaseless efforts of her mother to guard against it and to interpose wise checks, the dear child was kept out of school, an entire year, at one time. But she pined for study. She *thirsted* after knowledge, and for nothing else was she more remarkable, excepting her unfailing sympathy with *the true and the right*, and her self-sacrificing eagerness to render others happy. To none of her acquaintance, remarks the author of her funeral sermon, who have been accustomed to watch the development of religious character in the minds of the young, *can there remain a doubt*, that God had prepared her by his Spirit for her early departure.—All her deportment during her last severe illness, exhibiting a patience under suffering, which her physicians, (Doctors BARNES & DENTON,) pronounced unequalled in their observation, and the calm composure with which, in perfect consciousness of her approaching end, she met the last dread struggle, forbid her friends to "sorrow as those who have no hope." Her remains were followed to the burial ground, by a weeping throng of the aged and the young. Standing around the grave, her companions, though well nigh choked with grief, sung the hymn,

Farewell; we meet no more,

and the loved form was then laid in its last resting place on earth, to wait the Archangel's trump, and then

"To rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more."

THE YOUNG MEN of Ann-Arbor, with a noble spirit of generosity and kindness, procured a suitable monument to be erected over her grave, with the following INSCRIPTION:

(MOTTO AT THE TOP.)

**Quam Deus amat, adolesceus moritur.*

Caroline Worcester Cleaveland,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF

REV. JOHN P. AND SUSAN H. CLEAVELAND,

BORN AT SALEM, MASS., APRIL 27, 1831;

DIED AT ANN ARBOR, MICH., OCT 15, 1841.

Gone to God!

Be still my heart! what could a parent's prayer
Ask for its DARLING, like *the bliss of Heaven?*

ERECTED BY THE YOUNG MEN OF ANN ARBOR.

*The good frequently die young.